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LONDON, NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA

LOVE TRIUMPHANT

And other Poems

BY

R. GORELL BARNES

AUTHOR OF "OUT OF THE BLUE," ETC.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA

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My thanks are due to the Editors of *Country Life*, *The Westminster Gazette* and *The Pall Mall Gazette* for their kind permission to republish eight of the shorter poems included in this volume.

R. G. B.

LONDON, *July*, 1913.



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LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

I.

O LORD, one prayer I raise ; one offering
From my glad heart I bring
To Thee who gavest all :
I sought it in the darkness of the hall,
Where set between the worlds Death slumbers on apart.
On the untravelled ways
I saw the silent host of days,
Each like a scroll still furled
Waiting the limner's art,
Or unsunned blossom closely curled—
A filmy world
In which to wander dreamily
And people how I will,
My wishes fairy facts that cannot turn to ill.
But now, when Love is flooding me
With its imperious revelry,
I let them lie

And passed their veiled allurements by
Without a question in my heart.
I know that one by one,
And all too soon,
They will be opened by the speeding sun :
Enough that they shall be,
At Fate's and Time's swift-moving, sure decree.
Let them sleep on ;
I would not ask a boon
To rob a single hour of Love's own mystery.
I would not hasten onward : I would stay
For ever on the threshold of To-day,
To-day, when Youth and Love, like shells of the sea,
Are murmurous with promises to me ;
But even as I clasp it yearningly
It is behind me, faded away.

II.

So let the days sleep on : why seek to know
What shall be ours together, hers and mine,
Whilst life to us may be
A single-rooted, gracious tree
With stems that intertwine ?

What of the winds whilst that be so?
They cannot rend our unity,
But only sway us both
And aid us in our growth ;
I cannot have a fear for aught that they may bring.
The world is ringing like a fairy's bowl
Swift-circled by the fingers of the elves ;
There is none other in it but ourselves,
My love and I the whole.
How shall we shrink from any future thing?
In sorrow's hour, if it come,
Shall Love to Love be dumb?
Shall it not rather on the wings of flame
Lift us towards the heaven whence it came,
Making a silence o'er the murmurs drear?
O hand of sharing, which can steal
From any heart the bitterness!
O lips, which only can express
The blessed pang of all we feel!
O eye that yearns,
And heart that burns,
And mind that ever to the other's mind returns,
It is not Life I fear—

Life with its shadows strengthened by the sun,
Life with its ecstasy,
Its many-coloured laughter, battles dared and won,
The ever-falling veil of mystery,
Ringing ambition's double aim,
Knowledge of Love and glint of Fame,
Flowers that linger and flowers that fade—
It is not Life of which I am afraid.

III.

My love is like the golden spring
When the whole earth is blossoming,
And each new beauty, shyly opening
From shelter in her soul,
A knowledge still more dear must bring
Of all that she may be.
The tiniest flower,
Surprised in some sweet, sunny hour,
To me is token of the whole,
Yet lies half-hid from others' sight.
Many another heart may hear
Her joyous spirit's melody ;
Many another dumbly guess

Her ever-present blessedness ;
I only to the inner shrine draw near,
And knowledge comes to me alone :
And even to me how little is she known !
She is a wonder and a mystery,
A meaning and a majesty,
Each one by turns to greet my wandering
And lead me on to new delight.
I cannot learn enough : though I should gaze
Into her eyes resplendent endlessly
For all our wealth of days
I yet should find
Some undiscovered secret in her mind
To charm and baffle me.
She is a pool
Where many rippling waters meet,
Pure, limpid, deep, and cool,
Making the world around her sweet
And me eternally renewed.
She is a maiden to be wooed,
No mild acceptress of her fate's decree,
Believing that things are as they must be,
But one who never can contented rest,

Except she offer, and be offered, the best,
And of a desert must a garden always make.
A vivid heart and an impatient mind
To tear away the mean and small,
To those who struggle wholly kind
And Hope's own self to those who fall,
Throughout her world she is a quickening gleam,
The starry radiance of the living dream
From which I never more shall wake.
I cannot love enough : though I shall spend
My life and the beyond I shall not reach an end
Or find an hour when she is not dear.
So onward and together : whilst our life may last
With all the glory hurrying past
There is no entrance for the thing called Fear ;
For never were two spirits so apart
As Fear and she who dwells within my heart.
She is a bird, light-poised above the earth
And dropping on us all her buoyant plea for mirth,
Clean, generous mirth to swell the heart and brain
And bid us never mourn the morrow as in vain.

IV.

There is no dark foreboding in my heart ;
No morbid melancholy taints the air

Where such as she abide ;

Fragrant and fair

As the uprising dawn, she blows aside

All mists that veil the face of day.

Yet for a heart's beat on the exultant way

With humble strength I pause.

I ask no mercy of the laws

Which bind our human life : some things must be
And what is set for all I am content to share.

But here and now I gaze out steadfastly

Across to that onswEEPing hour,

When the sure tread of Destiny,

Beyond all love, beyond all earthly power,

The fusion of our lives shall tear ;

And on the altar of my happiness

I breathe one low-voiced prayer.

If it may be, O gracious Lord,

When Time has worn the strands, which Life has tied

With all its feeble strength in one,

Let Fate descend on both with sudden sword ;

Let both be taken, as the sun
Sucks up the dewdrops, unified
Within the dome of heaven :
So may Thy mercy best be given.

But if this may not be,
If Death come creeping enviously,
Boasting of Love's eternal overthrow,
And will not let us both together know
What waits us in the great unknown,
Then let Thy summons fall on her
And let me be the one to stand alone.

Let her be spared the spirit's blur,
The backward pang of radiant days,
The clamorous void along the ways,
The life of which the meanings cease.
Lord, folded in my heart I bear

This single prayer :—

Let her great soul be wrapped in silence and in peace.

ODE TO A BANK OF PRIMROSES.

YE clustered stars! Ye dotted isles of morn,
Which on the March wind breaks upon the earth
And kindles it to radiance, ye are born
As lowly heralds of a greater birth ;
And sounds of freedom, songs of mirth
From stream and field and hill and plain
Leap in triumphant answer. Gloom and dearth
Shrink backward from your presence : once again
The sombre cloak is rent 'neath which the world has lain.

Spring, like a timid angel, breathes her spell
And joyously her listening maidens hear ;
Not one lone flower that peeps from sheltered dell
To greet a straying sunbeam ; everywhere
The woods are spangled and the fragrant air
Blows softly o'er the land. Young Life is queen,
Dethroning Slumber : banks, that late were bare
Stripped by the ravenous winds, can scarce be seen
For pale, pure blossoms nestling in their folds of green.

10 ODE TO A BANK OF PRIMROSES

As in the faltering hour which gives it birth
Love comes and goes within the other's eyes,
And, a shy stranger on this solemn earth,
Is changed to wonder, all is glad surprise,
Beauty unknown, undreamt of, till it lies
Glorious and crowned at last, so comes the spring
Into the heart of man : new-born, she flies,
An unremembered bird that soars to sing
Rapture renewed once more and joy in everything.

Ye myriad lamps, not yours the outspread wings,
The breathless thrill, the heart's wild ecstasy ;
Yours is the spirit that sweet wonder brings
And benison of joy's tranquillity.
The earliest beech-leaf, bursting tenderly
From its long sheath of auburn, is a sign
Pagan and exquisite, a canopy
To shade the dance of Pan : ye ever shine
To light our hearts with peace and teach us love divine.

Here, blessèd emblems of eternal hope,
Where massed in fragrant loveliness ye make
A living temple of the woodland slope,
Our spirits, silent-winged, their freedom take

ODE TO A BANK OF PRIMROSES I I

Through joy to reverence and we awake
With all things living to an ageless day.
Nought is beyond, and, like a tranquil lake,
The world is lying where no skies are gray :
Youth lifts her voice in song ; all else has passed away.

THE EXPRESS.

I.

WHEN a stillness reigns in the country lanes
And the wayside station's bare,
Stirs a faint, far hum that seems to come
From the spirits of the air ;
And the long rails thrill with a murmur till
There's a bursting shell of sound,
A clattering roar, like the rumble of war,
And a trembling of the ground—
A scudding blast has come and passed
With a shriek as of tortured souls,
And along the track is the echoing back
That slowly to silence rolls.
It is I the proud, the strong,
I who sway the lives of men,
Beating out my deathless song
As I speed through field and glen.

II.

I romp with the dawn and startle the fawn
From his couch in the moorland glade
And merrily shake the cattle awake
As they dream in the noontide shade :
I am plodding on when the sunlight's gone
And mortals homeward creep,
And I hammer my tune in the light of the moon
When the world is locked in sleep.
I cleave the night with my gleams of light
And my heart's glow bursting forth,
And behind me I throw in a glittering bow
The diadems of my wrath.
Swift as anger, swift as evil,
I am as a breaking flood ;
Restless, tireless and immortal,
Mighty as the power of good.

III.

I chime the hare-bell as I scud through the dell,
And I am the first to spy
In the spring of the year where the snowdrops peer
And the primrose-clusters lie.

THE EXPRESS

There's nothing can be that is hid from me,
For I glance into cottage and field
And Nature's design is mine, is mine
And her mystery all revealed :
And I love to play in my boisterous way
With the dress her fancy weaves,
As I rattle along with a dancing throng
Through the home of the autumn leaves.
But little I care for her winsome air
And her anger breaks in vain,
For the snowdrifts I fight with a Titan's delight
And the blustering gales disdain
And defiantly dash through the batter and splash
Of the wayward moods of rain.
O'er the hill, along the plain,
Through the forest speeding,
On the prairie's stretching miles
With fierce hunger feeding,
I am where the bison was,
All the earth exploring,
Through the gorge and to the heart
Of the mountain boring,
'Cross the river, by the sea
Onward rushing, roaring.

IV.

I join the hands of distant lands
 With my sister of the sea,
For I grapple with space as I onward race
 And fling it away from me.
A mortal pack do I bear on my back
 And I roll with the wheels of fate,
For asunder I tear the arms of despair
 And I stay not for love nor hate.
I hurl a life far on my rollicking car
 As the breezes toss a feather ;
And I fill the great net that Labour has set
 And huddle the world together.
I fling wide the door to the valley and moor
 And unfetter the laughter of men,
And I strew on the coast a great holiday host—
 Which I gather to work again.
 I am he who parts asunder,
 I am he who joins in song,
 As I roll my long, low thunder,
 Madly, grandly crash along.

v.

I am weighted down with the spoils of the town
And the harvest of the field :
Gaunt Famine shrinks back at my sudden attack
And Plenty stands there revealed.
Though I travel afar as the servant of War,
I am foster-mother of Peace ;
I bind the world's charms on her outstretched arms
And bring to her power increase.
In my strength and my pride am I deified
As the emblem of mortal command,
For I spread o'er the world with the banner unfurled
On the march of a mighty band
And lead a great train, like a thought through the
brain,
To illumine the darkest land.
The chimney tall starts up at my call
And the factory whistle screams,
As from slumber I wake the shores of the lake
And shatter the valley's dreams.
I am clad in the dress of stern usefulness
And I build with a tyrannous rage :

In my pride I roll on over all that is gone
And I reckon not of Beauty nor Age.
For I am Progress, I am Power,
I am the spirit of to-day :
I fell the forest, clear the glade,
I drain the marsh and crowd the earth.
I roll onward, ever on
Down my God-appointed way,
Herald of the breaking morn,
Calling to a nobler birth
All the forces yet unborn
And the greatness still to be.

A PRAYER TO THE SPRING.

O HEALING spirit, who with unseen hands
Art building even now thy leafy halls,
Now though the woods lie bare and all is cold ;
Who stirrest deep, the unborn of the trees,
The tender nursling whom the dark, still fields
And heaped, dead leaves beneath their mantles fold :

When thou art come, when thou hast touched the world
With infant fingers, decked the trees and fields,
Aye, filled man's very walls with greenery :
When thou hast flung thy joyous notes abroad
Pealing the living heart, oh, pass not by !
Sing to the world, but linger here in me !

What of the days of winter ? Let the snow
Lie, if it must, beneath the hedgerows' shade,
If thou but come to melt it into flower :
Dwell in my heart and from that glad abode
Go forth into the world, and so return
Ever renewed in peace and love and power.

HOPE.

I saw the new moon like a sail
 Adrift on a tranquil sea
With the clouds beneath like a troubled throng
 In hushed solemnity ;
And never I felt such a sudden peace
 As descended then on me.

I saw a star serene and lone,
 Like a spirit breaking through ;
The mists of a gloomy soul were rent
 And the false fell back from the true :
Out of the darkness comes the light
 And out of the old the new.

THE TRYST.

THE sun had rolled his chariot down the west
And timidly gray Evening crept
Towards his lingering flame,
And o'er the silent meadows wept
Soft tears of dew to mourn the dying Day :
The world was trembling into rest
As to the tryst I came.
A gentle little spot it lay,
Cradled in solitude
And by the rude
And boisterous winds unpressed ;
Light were the breezes that caressed
Its leafy nooks and in their amorous play
Ran whispering round before they tripped away.
And yet to me it seemed so bare,
For Love delayed
Her coronal ; no fair,

THE TRYST

21

Frail form was waiting there
And all was nestling to the arms of Sleep.
Not yet, not yet my maid
Had stolen from the garden up the glade :
And so I lingered, half-afraid,
Tranced in the deep,
Tremulous, sweet expectancy of love ;
Till myriad stars from out the gray
That watched around me and above,
Like tiny elves, came forth to peep
And laughed to find me there alone,
Too soon, too soon :
And then the tranquil blessing of the moon
Arose to lend her light
To be a maiden's silver stair
Unto the climbing through the night
Of her for whom I waited there :
And, like cathedral banners old
That rest from war
And are not robed in glory more,
The archèd waves of gold
Hung now, long faded into cold
And sombre lines of hovering, listless clouds.

THE TRYST

But little could I heed all these
Or all their beauty know ;
Only along the scented breeze
A deep peace stole
Over my soul,
Smoothing its edges, as the pure, soft snow
Moulds into loveliness the trees
With fairy traceries.
And Wonder, like a little child
Who takes a blind man by the hand,
In lisping accents brought me sight
And bade me understand :
I ceased to think the minutes slow,
For one was stayed from azure flight
To bend and whisper thus to me
Confidingly,
Before it vanished like a drop of rain
That merges in the sea :—
“To come, to come! ’tis as faint-flushing morn,
A spirit trembling to be born,
A bud unsheathing or the pallid wing
Of butterfly unprisoning
And will be all so long ago

In just a moment more ;
A jewel in the mind
For evermore enshrined
And yet a pleasure ta'en,
That lies beyond a never-opening door
And cannot come again.
Live in it, love it ere the moment come
That holds you dumb.”
And every motion of the evening air
And every leafy stir
Unto my listening seemed of her
And heralded her coming there ;
The moon was as her messenger
And all I saw below, above
Had being only for our love
And unto her was consecrate.
The universe
Had dwindled to a little postern gate
Set in a shadowy frame ;
For there to heaven would the earth
Give sudden birth ;
Through that my maid must pass,
As, gliding o'er the grass,

THE TRYST

Her face a-flame,
To end her lover's wait,
She bade the mists of eve disperse—
And then, and then she came.

TO A RABBIT IN EARLY SPRING.

FOOLISH fellow! why away
In such scurrying fright to-day?
Why so shyly girt with care?
There's no danger anywhere.
Look around you ; everything
Has one thought alone, to sing
As God made it, of the spring.
Bird and bee and flower and tree,
Each and all, are joyously
Stirred to life by spring's soft breath,
And shall I alone bring Death?
May not snapping twig foretell
Friendly presence just as well
As give warning of a foe?
Oh! the world is harsh, I know,
Full of cunning wiles and snares,
Sudden shots and breathless scares ;
But for your quick, timid ear

You would not be nibbling here :
True enough, till wand of spring
Touched and altered everything.
Often have I been to blame,
But to-day is it the same ?
Is there not a truce to-day,
Or are you afraid always ?
Lull suspicion into sleep,
When the earliest blossoms peep ;
Drive away your shadow, Fear,
When there's music everywhere
In the heart and in the air
And the joy of giving birth
Fills with blessing the whole earth.
There's no place for anything
But joy and gentle whispering
In the kingdom of to-day,
Yet you scampered thus away !
Was it generous to remind
One to better paths inclined
Of the evil he has done ?
Little trembler, let the sun
Play o'er both ; come out and share

With a friend the fresh, sweet air
And the treasures of the dell.
You are frightened still?—Ah! well,
Every cranny, every nook
Calls me, ere I pass, to look
With a long and loving care
At the babies cradled there.
There are better things to do
Than to trouble about you,
For the slumbering trees are waking ;
There's a hazel downward shaking
Frisly tails and just the first
Tiny crimson plumes have burst
From its buds, and little rings,
Rosy-hued and tufty things,
Nestling on an elm-tree's bough,
Need my straying wonder now.
See! the rowans yonder hear,
Striking on each feathery ear,
Fluted, veined and inward curled,
Summons to a leafy world ;
And a mother's tender mood
Turns the distance of the wood

To a softness like the bloom
On a newly-ripened plum.
I must go ; there's not a tree
But has some surprise for me,
Shows itself enchantingly,
While 'tis earliest scent and song.
I have tarried here too long
Seeking pardon : it is true
That I came and startled you,
But the thoughts that ruled in me
Made the world a sanctuary.
Come, forgive me ; everyone
Holds a revel in the sun
Just as I do : I shall feel
Out of keeping if I steal
Gladness from you, if I bring
Fear to darken radiant spring
In a single creature's breast.
Let misgiving be at rest
For a season ; can there be
Nought of confidence in me
Even now? Oh! must mankind
Everlasting panic find

In its wanderings through a wood,
Always be misunderstood?
Friend, come back!—What, still no sign
After all these words of mine?
Then there's no more guilt in me:
Onward straying, I am free
Once more Wonder's slave to be,
Leaving you to sulk away
In your dark, damp hole all day.

TO AN UNKNOWN FACE.

SWEET, unknown face, thou camest like a star
That gleams a moment through the wind-swept clouds
And cheers the weary traveller on his way.
Youth was no longer thine and years of toil
Had lined thy forehead, but thine eyes' soft light
Still viewed the world with brave tranquillity,
Proclaimed thee ready both to bear thine own
And share another's troubles. Thou wast clad
In poverty, a little, lowly figure ;
But what a wealth of love lay stored in thee,
Of tenderness, of courage and of hope !
Well might thy husband—for those eyes of thine
Forbade the thought of loveless solitude :
None but a wife and mother looked just so—
Well might thy husband, lowly as thyself,
Returning toil-stained through the murky streets,
Account himself a king, his home a heaven
To find thee watching by the fireside,

TO AN UNKNOWN FACE

31

To see the quick smile leap into thy face,
And hear thy voice leading the happy choir
To welcome him. As on a summer's eve
The sunset's glory on the valley lies,
Transfiguring it with subtle alchemy,
So all that thy life meant, all that thou wast
Both to thyself and those around thee, glowed
Upon thy face and made thee beautiful ;
And I passed on the happier man for thee.

LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT shall be ours, belovèd, when Time's fleeting hand
Lies quivering on the appointed hour
And shears the Future to its end?
How shall it be with us when one must stand
This side the chasm of Death's mystery,
A soul alone, in darkness set apart,
And all the message which it yearns to send,
Echoing onward unavailingly
Within that gusty power,
To rings of empty solitude is tossed?
How shall it be with thee and me
When severed lies our single heart?
And afterwards—when both have crossed
The bridge which snaps behind the tread
And everything that we have known is past,
Shall there be silence then—or something even less,
An utter nothingness,
The sparkless æon of the crumbling dead?
Shall that be Love's inheritance at last?

Is that to be the end?
How can there be an end to all we feel?
Is Death to steal
The riches Life could never spend,
Though it were stretched into Eternity?
I will not think that that can be :
The end shall be the Future's birth.
All things on earth
Around us we shall see
The scourge of Time in turn obey
And into dull oblivion pass ;
Full well I know we cannot hold To-day,
We cannot on the journey stay,
And we must wither like the grass :
But by our dying Death shall die
And in our hearts is immortality.
Love is a longing greater than our life ;
Our bodies know it not at birth,
It comes to dower us on earth
And has no portion in the strife
The mortal casket wages with decay.
It is a spirit winged and wonderful,
Creating us anew ;

Linked with our souls, not dungeoned in our clay,
Why should it perish when our bodies do?
 The casket crumbles into dust,
 And Love is free to take its way
 Uninjured to the gates of heaven,
Seeking again the God by whom it once was given.
 It is Love only which can make divine,
 In Love alone we cannot die,
For with Death's challenger the victory must
 Past all our earthly weakness lie ;
 Or it must be that God's design,
Which sends a longing Life can never satisfy
 To fill our hearts with His own ecstasy,
Is left without a meaning suddenly—
 A broken dream, a vanished light,
As if He wearied of the thing He made
 And in a careless moment bade
The glory of the dawn be hurled to trackless night.
 I know it cannot be.
Whence comes the knowledge? I shall never know
 As truth is tested here below :
 Not by the knowledge which our sight
 Securely builds from little things

Against the ravage of a doubting mind ;
But by the same, sure sense as brings
Across the mazy fields of flowers
The homing bee his hive to find,
By that same sense I know
Death will not silence Love as great as ours.
Beyond the stopping of our breath
Dimly I see the distant shore ;
Life's barque sinks down beneath the sea of Death,
And Love, enfolding both, uplifts us evermore.

KING COAL.

BACK in the ages dim I slept
In giants of a forest clime :
The world was young and wild and free ;
The day had not yet dawned for me ;
Unborn, I watched my time.

And one by one the forests sank
And left me couched in the matted layer ;
The still, black ages slowly passed ;
Down to the depths men came at last
To free the monarch there.

Sullen I rose from my age-long sleep
And strode out over the drowsy land :
Energies, Furies, a million such
Blazed into life at the fiery touch
Of the torch in my fearsome hand.

Where is that hamlet by the stream?
Look yonder at the pall of smoke ;
There lies a city since I came
And that you see is my oriflamme :
 I called and the world awoke.

Gone, gone for ever is the sloth!
Praise me that all things are alive ;
For underneath my lurid pall
The jostling crowds may rise or fall,
 But, rise or fall, must strive.

I flung to the winds the dull beliefs
In which the hoary past had lain ;
A race was born to think and dare
And seek a reason everywhere :
 I brought to mankind a brain.

I cannot rest, for I have called
To being worlds that feed on me :
I slumber and the people die ;
I must toil on till even I
 Am drained by the life to be.

On towards the new, then ; naught decays
And all things in a circle range :
From Earth I sprang ; to Earth I yield
As her new forces are revealed,
And glory be to change !

TRIOLET.

TELL me, dearest, can it be
That to-day I love thee more?
Art thou nearer than before?
Tell me, dearest, can it be?
Yesterday I gave to thee
All the love man ever bore :
Tell me, dearest, can it be
That to-day I love thee more?

TO A PRISONER.

IMPRISONED bird, how canst thou sing
As if 'twas early morn
And from the blue o'er sparkling fields
Thy song was born?

Thy world is now a little cage
Hung on a dusty street,
And with the sound of heavy wheels
Thy strains compete.

Ah, if thou canst from just the rays
That on thy prison fall
Find and float forth thy happiness,
So may we all!

So may we all for little things
Pour out our hearts in praise,
And in the sun of what we have
Find singing days.

ODE TO MT. KENIA, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

(A fragment.)

Out of thy clouds which wrap thee, like the love about
a maiden

Tenderly, softly sheltered from the world,

Out of thy heaven's rare blue,

First pearl of the dawn, last rose of the twilight,

Keep thy majestic and eternal ward.

.

Over thy land, from which the clouds are lifting, slowly
lifting,

Over thy children, who have passed along

On an unremembered trail ;

Out of the enfolding forests of the ages,

Keep thy majestic and eternal ward.

LIFE.

METHOUGHT the world had passed away from me,
Gone out upon the evening like a breath,
And left me to the solemn silences
And boundless hills of Death.

Yet far below me, as the faint, dull hum
Of distant city lifted by the wind,
I still could hear the idle murmurings
That I had left behind.

Did he do this? Did he write that?
My life, it seemed, was worth a line or two :
“A poet’s death” would serve to stay the eye—
Till there was something new.

And upward curled, like fading tongues of flame,
Life’s bygone laughter, throbbing of past tears,
Achievement’s flicker and the dance of hope,
Old failures and old fears.

The light wind dropped ; and white Eternity
Stood at my side, impenetrable, vast ;
A child laughed somewhere ; then the mist rolled in,
And so those murmurs passed.

Silence ; and then a trembling of the mist :
Like birth of day, cold light grew flushed and warm,
And all Eternity was slowly wreathed
In one familiar form.

Her eyes were radiant as the dance of stars ;
The tears of parting were for ever gone,
And down the Everlasting rolled her voice : —
“ Belovèd, *we* live on ! ”

EVENING.

THE sun has sunk beneath the pines
And left the clouds of beaten gold
To darken in far-stretching lines
To quiet evening : it grows cold.

The countless sounds of coloured day
Sink, fairy-folded, into peace ;
All God's creation seems to say,
"Homewards and rest ; your labours cease."

So, gracious God, my sun has set
And gold has softly turned to gloom :
Yet home I go without regret ;
I see the light beyond the tomb.

SONNETS.

SPACE.

SPACE! Give me space! A little way to see,
A little air to breathe, a pause of sound!
Let me set foot on mountain summits crowned
With regal stillness and solemnity ;
Let me gaze forth, in spirit vast and free,
Over the wooded plains and feel no bound ;
Give me the winds of heaven, untrodden ground,
And in the distance dimly the great sea!
Would I could scent the coming of the dawn
And feel the hills and forests as they wake!
Would I could hear soft Evening hush her song
And drink her silence in, from all withdrawn!
But no! Here must the walled-up hours make
A stifling, bloodless world. Oh, God, how long?

QUESTIONS.

A SPARROW flitting through a crowded hall ;
A bubble on a stream to drift away ;
An arc of light, the passage of a day ;
A leaf to burst and spread its shade and fall—
What images of Life! Can this be all?
Can it be truth that, fading, we obey
The one relentless deity, Decay,
And dank Oblivion gathers great and small?
Who but a God would mould the tiny flower
To its mere beauty? And shall children, born
In squalid dens of vice to toil and die,
Not live beyond and claim their happy hour
If God be here? And shall Love be forlorn,
Unspent and aching, through Eternity?

LOVE'S PARADOX.

WHERE art thou, my belovèd, for thy voice
Calls through the lonely distance of the night
And I would come to thee? Thine eyes are bright
With the sure love, that, soaring, bids rejoice
The whole, slow world because two hearts are one,
And drive away the darkness ; yet my heart,
The echo only of the joy thou art,
Throbs out the knowledge that I am alone.
Strange paradox, that envious space should lie
Like a cold sword between us, and days seem
As snow-girt mountains piled to prove us twain,
Whilst in the realm of spirit thou and I
Merge like the waters of a moorland stream :
We are one presence always—but in vain.

FULFILMENT.

So!—Strength and no more striving! There's an end
Of everything that ever was but you.

Here are we stayed: through long, gray mists and
through

Uncharted seas of wonder did we wend

A mystic course where Hope and Fear did blend,

Till this enchanted isle our spirits drew.

There's no beyond: the world is just we two,

And Love and Life are whispering, friend to friend.

The restless breakers moaning on the reef

Are low-toned murmurs here where none can be

Save you and I, the builders of this throne:

Fled is the hour of tremulous belief;

The golden day rides o'er the eastern sea,

And we come forth, completed and alone.

RAPHAEL'S TOMB IN THE PANTHEON,
ROME.

O GREAT and gentle master, thou wast sent
From heaven's abode so briefly to mankind
To glorify thy Maker in thy mind
Portrayed eternally, that life was spent
Ere thou could'st all thy living thoughts present
And, God commanding, thou thy task resigned.
Here may thy bones, in simple grandeur shrined,
Rest henceforth undisturbed, where still content
Steals o'er the stranger as his reverent eyes
Behold this ageless dome, thy canopy.
Here thou art fitly cradled ; here apart
From thought or touch of time thy body lies :
No monument thou needest ; let it be :
Thy tomb is no less deathless than thine art.

TO A GRAMOPHONE IN AN AFRICAN CAMP.

THOU casket of the disembodied sound,
The aspiring mind of man has never trod
A pathway leading nearer unto God,
The Life-Creator, than when thou wast found.
Death shall no more the cup of silence bring
To lips of mighty singer, and no more
Great actor pass, but from the farther shore
To unborn listeners shall they play and sing.
A voice now sleeps within thee, never heard
Save in a land from this scene far removed :
Hark! It awakes and, like unfettered bird,
Soars o'er the camp, till from its melody
Floats down the wordless longing for things loved
And English hearts are strangely near to me.

THE CRY OF A WOMAN.

OH, for the chance to soar! The daylight brings
The same, small tasks to crowd my life again ;
The years pass by me and my power has lain
So long chained it is dying : she who sings
Must know a life apart from little things
Or the ever-turning wheel thins her refrain.
One cleaves the sky, a million dot the plain
And in my heart I know that I have wings.
Vain, vain, but more, faint-hearted is this cry.
I chose the life myself ; I chose to stay
Here in the plain with those my heart adores :
To make them happier, happier till I die,
To turn the wheel more smoothly every day—
May be, that is the way a woman soars.

THE COMMON NEED.

ENFOLDING Love, that any-one should say
"My life is all my own, and not a breath
"Would check its even course upon my death :
"I pass along my self-appointed way
"In cherished freedom." Ah, the bitterness
That lurks within the half-defiant tone!
Others will make no boast they are alone,
But their lives' dreary poverty confess.
We are but servants of the life all lead,
The colours of one picture ; more and more
The canvas glows with beauty as we blend
Our being with the wealth of common need.
The heart alone has power to make poor,
And no-one lives who could not have a friend.

THE WAYFARERS.

STRANGE is it that we ever seem to stand
Upon life's pinnacle : the hour we know
Alone is wisdom ; we have left below
All false beliefs and follies, and the sand
Through which we struggled to this firmer land,
Lies smoothed by breath of Time : our faces glow
At thought of journey proudly done, when, lo !
The clouds above by a mystic, half-seen hand
Are parted, like the gates of heaven : we see
A further peak bathed in the noonday sun,
And, if we be of courage, start again.
Onward and upward—noble vanity !
For, when we think the summit nearly won,
Death smiles and, stooping, lifts us from the plain.





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